Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, - - MISSOURI

BEN DEENE, ENGINEER.

The Pacific Express,
Dashing into the West,
Should have left the "Mountain Junction" at
half past eight,
But with pushing and switching a crippled
night freight,
She was an hour late.

There were thirteen cars in her train, all
told—
Two express, one baggage, one mail and the
pay car,
The other eight made up of sleepers and day
cars,
And all of them filled.
The schedule was fast,
The night was steel cold,
The unscabbarded moon with its scimitar
blade
And the glittering daggers that flashed from
the stars,
Cut the air into blasts
As sharp as wolves' teeth, or like flying
glass.
They chilled the great boiler
Of the racer and toiler,
Staunch old "89,"
And though her engineer was the best on the
line,
(Long-bearded Ben Deene),
She wouldn't make steam,
So he could'nt make time.

As if maddened at this,
Her every valve seemed to humanly whine
Or alternately hiss,
And every gauge
Boiled with scalding rage,
A passionate writhing wrenched all her
nerves
As she clutched the curves.
Her maddened wheels shrieked and pierc-
ingly creaked,
And she scowled and moaned and howled
and groaned
That the hill was so long and so crooked and
steep,
That where she would leap
She must creep.

Hissing white-hot steam, snorting black hot
flame,
On struggling, yet lagging,
As if she was dragging
Heavy manacling gyves or a ball of shame;
Her headlight eye burned into the night,
As some infuriate monster's might
If chained 'gainst a victim secure
in flight.
Thus racked, panting and growling, she
reached the top
Of the summit grade at the "Summit snop."
Here the schedule said "stop
For water and coal—oil up and inspect
The train's running gear and look close for
defects."
From this point down on the
western side
For nineteen miles—twelve near the river's
side
The track was as straight as a rail-
way can be
Till it reached a sharp curve near a leaning
oak tree.
Here the engineers always said: "Now let
her glide."
And made up the time
Perhaps lost on the climb.

The signal was given. Refreshed to a zest
Old "89" started
Once more to the west
And down this straight spin, called the
"Devil's Run," darted.
Being an hour behind
She sped by springs, rushes and glides at a
pace
That made a night race
'Twixt an ogre of flame and phantom-winged
winds.
With a cyclone's rush, yet with scarcely a
jar,
Down the "run" she flew with her thirteen
cars.
Her driving-wheels looking like million-
rayed stars.
Surging on over the ground with loud thrum-
ming bounds
Ran this metal-muscled and steam-drinking
hound.
At every crossing her ghostly bell
Clanged sharply once like a dirge or a knell,
And her shaggy smoke, like a gorgon's
mane,
Curled off through the air, or enveloped the
train
Like its roar.
When the fireman opened the fire-box door
A crimson zone leaped from that flaming
lair
Through the frosty depths of the boreal air
With a ghastly glare,
Which danced through the moonlight and
ran with the train
But to crouch when the furnace was closed
again.
On she flashed, dashed and crashed through
open and wood,
On she swished with swift swirls past the
houses that stood
Apart in still fields or close clustered in
towns,
Into hovels and mansions, through switches
and gates,
Her hoarse whistles shrieked fiendish yells
like the Hates,
While hot cinders fell down
From ashpan and stack
Back along the steel track,
In a blazing red road, like a fire-path in hell.

With hand on the lever, her brave engineer
peered into the night
Through the dancing arc of her yellow head-
light;
Every muscle alert
With vigilant care untroubled by
fear,
To make up his time without mishaps or
hurt.
He at last struck the curve near the "Lean-
ing Oak,"
Had just leaned out, proudly patting her
cab,
To whisper "You flirt!"
Had just said to the fireman: "Jack, she's
no crab,"
When an axle broke
On her forward truck;
She reeled for a second as if she were
struck,
Then began to thump,
And to bump, hump and jump
Over the live oak ties, as if they were
stumps.

Deene set the air brakes; he reversed; gave
her steam,
Then grasping her throttle
As a drunkard a bottle
And his hand were a vice—
Saw below him the river
Half filled with floe ice.

How her speed sends her smashing on over
the ties!
Will she never stop? How she shakes and
shivers!
How every inch of his train seems to quiver?
No! a glance back tells him each car runs as
still
As it did on the upward side of
hill.
Good! Only the engine is off the
track—
But she's off to the right! Great God,
that's the side
Where the deep iced river rides.
"Here, Jack! climb this tank! Quick as
light, man, get back,
And pull that pin
When I reverse again.
Or when she goes over she'll pull 'em all in.'

Stumbling over the wood, clambering over
coal,
As the engine limped, then staggered, now
rolled,
Jack Ford pulled the pin, just as "89"
lunged
Down into the stream with a hissing
plunge,
But there stood the cars as still as if
stopped
At some signal switch when a red light's
dropped.

The fireman stood on the baggage car step
Peering into the stream
Where the engine leapt,
As we fixedly stare in some aching dream.
What is that creeps slowly over the tank
From the half-frozen flood?
Then crawls like a worm on the stony bank?
'Tis the engineer covered with ice, while his
blood
Flows fast through a cruel gash in his
head
That is horribly red.
But his great, steadfast soul, supreme till it
fled,
Illumined the blood as he whispered: "Jack,
Get a red light somewhere; quick, run up the
track—
Think—the east-bound express—I'm all right
—hurry back."

As the two expresses stood nose to nose,
Deene lay down between them, in frozen
clothes.
He had saved two trains—
And babes, fair maidens, fond mothers,
strong men,
Rode unchilled by the flood,
Slept unwounded of blood.

When the Omnipotent Ken
Scans eternity's realms to give crowns to
true men;
And the angel of records calls "Deene, en-
gineer!"
Can you doubt that then
He will answer there as he did at the oak
When the axle broke—
"I am here."

—G. R. Blanchard, in New York Tribune.

A TROUBLESOME BOY.

An Honest Farmer Comes to His Rescue.

Ay, what was to be done with him? He had just completed his fifteenth year, was famous at cricket and football, rode his bicycle up and down the steepest gradients, was a fearless swimmer, and indeed the athletic paragon of his schoolmates. But he began to tire of his lessons, and to utter dark confidences to his sisters that "Latin would be no use to a fellow when he grew up;" that "he felt like a loafer as he went along the lanes to the grammar-school;" that "Sam Jackson and Harry Wilde were going to business at Easter; and that if papa did not find him something to do, he should perhaps run away to sea." This last confidence, which was given on a windy night, when the rain plashed most dismally against the windows of the children's room, quite alarmed Tom's sisters, who were romantic and tender-hearted girls of seventeen and eighteen. They began to cry and to beg the indignant lad not to do any thing so dreadful. But the more they petitioned, the more stubborn Tom grew. Tears and entreaties only hardened him into firmer determination to doff his mortar-board cap for ever. How could he stay at school, when his chums, Sam Jackson and Harry Wilde, had gone to business! What did girls know of a fellow's vexation at being left with a lot of young boys, not one of whom could hold a bat or keep a goal! To sea he would go, unless papa got him some sort of a berth by Easter.

The poor girls were crying very bitterly, and the rain throbbed in sympathy against the panes, and Tom stamped up and down the floor, when his mamma came in. She was much surprised at the scene: for the children were always on the best of terms. She was still more surprised, and a little dismayed, when she learned the cause of the scene. Being a prudent and self-restraining woman, however, she did not say much; and with a few general remarks, 'that of course all boys must go to business in due time,' she terminated the painful discussion. After supper, when her husband and self were alone, she startled the good easy man by relating what had taken place. Tom's father was the principal doctor of the neighborhood, which was so salubrious and so poor that he must have left it long before, had he not possessed a little independency, which kept the household afloat. He was of an indolent turn, getting gray and fat, like his old cob. Want of work, magnificent health, and a managing wife, who took all the worries of life off his shoulders, made him oblivious of the young world growing round his hearth. He could not imagine that his boy and girls were weaving anticipatory tissues of their lives, that these young birds were getting fledged for flights far away from the home-nest. So, the announcement of Tom's rebellion against school, and his thoughts of evasion, came on the doctor as the greatest event he had known for years.

"Now you mention it, Maria," said he, when he began to quiet down a bit—"now you mention it, Tom is really growing a big fellow. He'll be six feet high, if he's an inch, by his twentieth year. And what a square, stiff back he's got! He takes after my mother's family; they were all strapping fellows. Yes, Tom's too big for school. He's like a salmon among minnows, among the grammar-school boys, Dear, dear, how lads do grow!"

"Yes, yes," broke in Tom's mother, a little tartly—she had a temper of her own, as all managing women have—"Tom is big, and will be bigger; that goes without the saying. But what is to be done for the poor boy? What career do you propose for him?"

"Upon my life, I haven't the ghost of an idea, Maria. Now you have brought this matter on the carpet, it recalls a good deal I have heard of late. When I was at Bimpson's the other day, attending his wife of her seventh boy, Bimpson said to me, over a glass of wine: "Doctor, he is a fine child, I admit; but how he'll get bread and cheese, if he lives, .I can't guess at all." And the poor fellow broke out into quite a jeremiad over the redundancy of boys just now. He has three lads waiting for careers, and the deuce an opening can he find! Then there is Clumpit, the wheelwright—you know Clumpit, Maria? Well, I've been attending him for hypochondria. He can find nothing suitable for his eldest son; and it preys on his mind, because the mother won't let him go away from home to try his luck in some of the big towns. And old Burrows met me the other day, and quite pitifully asked me if I could advise him what to do with his grandson. I was really sorry for the poor old man. Of course, I could not help him."

Tom's mother looked more anxious as the doctor went on ramblingly; and at last she said: "All this leads to nothing. Tom must have a career arranged for him by us, or he will take the matter in his own hands. I can read his mind; I know him better than you, my dear. What must we do with him?"

"I tell you, again, Maria, I have not a ghost of an idea. Yet, I do know one thing—he shall not be a medical man!"

"Here the doctor relgated his cigar and smoked in frowning thoughtfulness, until Tom's mother said decisively: "Well, if *you* do not know what is to be done with the dear child, we must ask the opinion of our friends. I, for my part, can not allow this subject to drop. It must be taken up and carried out to the needful end. I know too well your easy-going way. To-morrow, you will forget all about poor Tom. I say, and with emphasis, we must find a career for our boy. As you have no ideas, I shall write to such of our friends as have experience of the world; and ask them either to advise us, by coming over here to a sort of family council, or else to tell us by letter. Your connections and mine have among them a great deal of experience; they know what prospects there are for the rising generation better than we can know, in this out-of-the-way place. So, I tell you, my dear, my mind's made up; and to-morrow I will write the letters."

"You are a genius, Maria, as I've often told you. I believe you would get us out of any hobble, however formidable. I haven't the ghost of an idea; and you have the ideas themselves, heaps of them. Write, my dear, to all our relations that are likely to be of help to us; and we shall soon find a billet for Tom. God bless him! he is a good and clever boy, and deserves a splendid career. Don't forget my brother John; as a London lawyer, he will be a host of advice in himself. And be sure to ask your cousin Richard, the parson; he has always been fond of Tom; and, besides, he's the shrewdest fellow I know, notwithstanding his cloth. He ought to have been a barrister. But, as that can not be, he ought to be a bishop. How he would rule a diocese, Maria!"

In the course of a few weeks the family council assembled, for the doctor was really much beloved by all his connections; and his wife had so couched her request for advice that it was irresistible. On a keen March day, uncles, cousins and friends met; and after dining at the doctor's hospitable table, they began to consider what career would be most likely to assure Tom of a happy and prosperous future. The reverend cousin presided, at the general request; and he opened the subject as follows:

"When I got the letter which has brought me here to-day, I felt its appeal so strongly that I made immediate arrangements to be present. Tom has always been an exemplary boy in conduct, though I must say his progress in the classics is deplorably slow. When I was his age, I read Homer for the pleasure it gave me; and I had Horace by heart. Now, a scholar Tom never will be; of that I have satisfied myself before dinner in a private talk with him. Well, the ground is so far cleared. Tom can not be a scholar, ergo, he can not be a clergyman; for of all things inappropriate, in my my opinion, the extreme is an ignorant divine. In my profession, one ought to be steeped in Greek, permeated with Latin, and saturated with Hebrew. But even if Tom were a born student and of a serious order of mind, I could not advise his parents to devote him to the Church."

Something like a blank fell on Tom's mother at the emphatic closure of the reverend cousin's speech. She had hoped that Tom might have gone to Oxford, as other grammar-school boys had done, and thence to some pretty rectory as a rural parson. While she sat in silent depression, the rest of the company talked in little knots, until the reverend president stopped them by saying: "Now, Uncle John, I call upon you. No one is better able to say if the law promises fame and fortune for the rising generation, as it has done for the past generations since Cicero's time. Shall we make Tom an attorney or a barrister?"

"I am flattered by the manner you esteem my humble abilities," answered uncle John. "It is a strange coincidence of thought. I have also come down from town expressly to deprecate the putting of our young hopeful to *my* profession. I believe I could lay my reasons before my brother and his good wife better by a few spoken words, than by any extent of correspondence; so I took an early train. Tom must not be a lawyer. Why, I proceed as briefly as can to explain. First, the profession is more crowded than the market-place. Second, the crowd is daily increasing, because most every family of the middle classes that has thriven during the past twenty or thirty years is sending a boy into a solicitor's office. The business is supposed to be very lucrative, and it is esteemed highly respectable, which allures the *parvenu* mind. As to the fiction of the law being a lucrative pursuit, I can not understand how it originated, still less how it is maintained. A few solicitors, with quite exceptional luck and good connections, may attain to opulence. But the rank and file of the profession merely earn a decent livelihood. If you want to know what fortune does for lawyers in England, read the report of wills and bequests in the newspapers. While these are telling us of manufacturing, banking and trading millionaires dying in all parts of the country, they rarely record the demise of a lawyer worth twenty thousand pounds. No, no; the law is not a money-making trade. But it will be still less so, and that is why I warn Tom's parents against it.

"Let me elaborate a little. Since I was put on the rolls, Law Reform, as it is pleasantly called by certain politicians, has been hacking away at our fees continually, until now, certain branches of the profession are no longer remunerative at all. County courts, for instance, have deprived me of hundreds a year. The Judicature act has damaged my practice still more seriously. However, I am not here to dwell upon my own misfortunes, but to prevent my nephew Tom from having worse, by following in my footsteps. Past law reforms are trifles to what are coming! In a few years, the most respectable and valuable department of my profession will be simply worthless. I refer to conveyancing. Even now, it is sadly shorn of its former profitableness. Soon it will be *non est*. Registration of titles is bound to come; with it goes the old system of mortgage deeds and all the costly methods of land transfer. As in America and the colonies, the tranfer of real estate will be merely the business of government officials, and the vendor and purchaser; lawyers will be eliminated from such attractions altogether. Then, as regards commercial cases—Chambers of Commerce will go on with the simple methods of arbitration and conciliation, until at last the courts will hear no more of traders' contentions than if such did not exist.

"Last and worst of all, there is growing a steady abhorrence of legal conflicts in all ranks and classes. When I was apprenticed, even the poorest fellow would rush into law against a neighbor or relative with the greatest confidence; ay, and be ruined with a sort of grim satisfaction. In those days, every body delighted in law. Now, if I am not vastly wide of the mark, men will submit to the rankest frauds and personal assaults as meekly as the most abject Asiatics. Yes, really, the English race, once litigious to a degree, is positively afraid of entering upon the most trumpery suit in the inferior courts. Finally, the lowest of our business, that of the criminal courts, is dwindling into insignificance. Judges are holiday-making in maiden assizes all over the country; police stipendiaries are becoming sinecurists. What with popular education, milder manners, law reforms, land reforms, and the rest, no man would think of putting a youngster into the fast decaying legal profession."

Uncle John spoke with such evident and crushing sincerity that Tom's father and mother uttered a simultaneous groan as he finished; and for a few minutes something like consternation kept all silent.

But the reverend president did not forget his duty, and afterward resumed in these terms: "My dear friends, I am sure we are all greatly indebted to Uncle John for his luminous remarks upon the actual and coming condition of the profession, of which he is so distinguished a member. Of course, our dear Tom can not be a lawyer. Let as therefore proceed with our deliberations into another professional avenue; after the law, medicine comes, according to established usage. Tell us, therefore, my dear doctor, why you do not think of devoting Tom to your own pursuit. Of that, you must have far clearer and more accurate knowledge than any other person here present. Knowing how hopeless the church and the law are, do you not think it best to train Tom to succeed to your own practice?"

"I certainly am greatly surprised at what I have just heard of the degenerate state of two noble professions," said Tom's father: "indeed, I may express myself as stunned by the revelations. Yet, I do not think that the future of the church and the law is so discouraging as that of medicine. If I saw the ghost of a prospect for my boy as a doctor, I would not have put you to the trouble you have so kindly taken to come here and advise me. It is my solemn conviction that in a few years general practitioners in medicine—and that means ninety-nine out of every hundred doctors in this country—will not gain sait. A few men of supreme ability in medicine will have that department of the profession to themselves; a few more will have the surgical. For the good old family doctor, there will be no place in the new house that John Bull is going to build. You smile, dear friends, at my simile; but the prospect is not amusing to me. Uncle John tells us that his profession is crowded, and that 'the cry is still they come.' Yes, but they are men that come to the law; whereas, women are swarming into our profession. Think of that, good folks! Realize what it means for the men-doctors of the next generation. All our practice among children and women will go to the doctoresses, as a matter of course. Women are naturally fitted for attending upon their own sex, and are, if truly feminine, born *medicos*. Now that they have proved themselves equal to all the tests of the continental dissecting-rooms and to brazen out the lectures, and now that they are taking such brilliant degrees, I, for one, throw up the game, and say, *place aux dames!*

"Just think! there are nearly a million more women than men in these happy islands, and they are all bound to live. And accentuate the thought by my assurance that there is no one so ambitious and remorseless in professional competition as a clever woman! While our male medical students are dissipating, idling, fooling, as they have always done since Hippocrates' days, their lady rivals are preparing to puzzle a John Hunter, a Claude Bernard, a Bichat, or any savant living or dead. I prophesy that, before the end of this century, women will sit in most of the high places of the medical profession. They have keener wits than men; they are more moral, more industrious, and more sympathetic. But I leave this part of the subject for another and more discouraging still—people are beginning to be their *own doctors!* When I was a young man, few persons were bold enough to quack themselves! Now; there are millions swallowing homeopathic pills and tinctures, and diagnosing their own ailments themselves! Add to them the other millions who feed themselves on patent medicines, and, I tell you, the field of operation is alarmingly diminishing for doctors of either sex. Nor have I yet unfolded more than a fraction of my sorrowful tale. Other multitudes, who, by all that is fair in social life, instead of following the good old plan of sending for the doctor when they have eaten, drunk, and worked, or pleasured too freely, now bolt away to some dydropathic palace, and positively turn a fit of sickness into a spell of luxury! Talk about the Sybarites of old! Go rather and look at our own, 'packed,' shampooed, handled, dandled, and fondled in the vast number of our hydropathic 'Halls of Idleness' and sensuous convalescing sanitaria! Do not stay to deplore these lapses from the stern old British methods of phlebotomy, leeching, purging, and partaking of all that was nauseous, but receive my most startling confidence—the public don't believe in us as of old.

"You, my reverend cousin, have dissuaded us from educating Tom for your profession; but that profession is still better than mine, for your benefice will benefit you to the end of life, while my fees are growing so steadily less that they will soon touch zero. You, Uncle John, draw a fearful picture of a non-litigious England; and I felt for you as you drew it. Yet my clients are still more pig-headed. Yours won't go to law; mine won't go to the doctor. Yes, I have at last reached the nethermost depth—the public will not sicken as it used to do. When I was walking the hospitals, zymotics were as regular as the tides; and all the year round, fevers and agues went their profitable course. Everybody had a bad cold at least once in the winter. Gout and rheumatism were solid annuities to most of us. Broken limbs were fairly common in most families. In short, as the proverb ran, 'the doctor was never out of the house.' Alas, all that has gone! People take such ridiculous care of themselves: 'sanitation' is the chatter of every nincompoop; and the fuss about clean cowsheds, pure water, pure air, and the rest, is cutting off the doctors income at the roots. Have I said enough, dear friends, to prove to you that Tom cannot be a doctor?"

Tom's father fell into his chair overcome with his own rhetoric; Tom's mother furtively wiped two tributory tears from her eyes; the reverend cousin looked at the ceiling inquiringly; Uncle John frowned sardonically.

Uncle Lucas, the farmer, who had listened in puzzled bewilderment to the recitals of his relatives, now got leisurely on to his feet, and broke it in thus: "Well, well, it's all over with gentlefolks, too, it seems to me. I thought that every body was thriving but the poor farmers, and now I learn that our betters are no better off than ourselves! When my father made me a farmer against my inclination, I thought he was unfair. He had made you elder lads into gentlemen, and I felt slighted at being left among clodpoles in the village. But I begin to think I shall have the best of it after all. I am in no trouble to find careers for my two lads and three lassies. Since the laborers have begun to ask twice as much wages, I have taken the lads to help me. Well, we've pulled through a troublesome and disheartening time; and what's more, we've learned a lot. I tell you, we've found out how to make farming pay—by doing it ourselves, the lads in the fields, and the girls in the house and dairy. We've had to take hold of the rough end of the stick, truly. The girls had to give up many of the fal-lals that young ladies learn at boarding-school; and the boys had to wear corduroy and hobnailed shoes. But they are none the worse for the case-hardening they've got. Finer lads don't live in the shire; and as to the girls, they're as blithe as the birds; and that, I reckon, is as good a test of contentment as you can get. Now, brother doctor, let me advise you what to do with your son Tom. The church, the law, and medicine all shut their doors in his face. Open the gate of a field and turn him in to pick up what pasture he can find; and my word for it, he'll not die of hunger. Look at his big limbs and his love of action! Why, he is built for a husbandman. Even if you could put him to some gentlemanly way of making a living in town, he would not be so happy and so healthy as in the country. When he comes to spend a few days with us, the lad is in his element, and works with his cousins right handily. Put him in a field, brother, put him in a field."

Uncle Lucas quite astonished his more cultured relatives by his long speech; still more, by the almost pathetic earnestness of his appeal.

The reverend cousin, who had smiled compassionately at the rude beginning of the harangue, grew attentive as it went on; and at the end, clapped his hands approvingly, "Bravo, Uncle Lucas!" he cried: "thou art the one wise man amongst us. A farmer let Tom be, doctor. Churches may fall, legal systems vanish, the healing art be substituted by universal hygiene, but the tillage of the land must ever demand tillers. During the period of change that has set so strongly, let us see what remains least affected by the mutations of time and circumstances. While man lives on the earth he must eat; and the purveyor of food, therefore, has a first lien upon all the productions of society. It flashed into my mind, as Uncle Lucas was speaking, that perhaps the greatest result of all the metamorphoses going on will be the sublimation of husbandry. From the begining, it has been regarded as an inferior career, and has to a certain degree been shunned. The age of feudalism has gone; the age of gentility is going; the real age of utility is coming. When it is established, the husbandman will be duly honored and duly rewarded, as the pre-eminent citizen, as the venerated conduit through whose limbs and brain that daily bread flows for which we are bidden to pray."

A pause followed, during which Tom's father began to smile hopefully, and his mother regained serenity.

"We educated men," said the reverend cousin, concluding the business, "have not done our duty by your class, Uncle Lucas. We have kept our intellectual children from your business, to the great retardation of agricultural science. Now that the professions are no longer profitable, we shall send some of our best youth to your pursuits. We will begin with Tom. In the fields, he will find a career open to every talent that Providence has endowed him with."

Uncle Lucas prevailed, and Tom "was turned into a field." What the result will be in these times of agricultural depression, is a thing of the future.—*Chamber's Journal.*

NOAH'S ARK QUILT.

The Latest Kink of Fashionable Lovers of Fancy Work.

One of the fashionable little "fads" of the day in fancy work is a Noah's ark quilt. The quilt can be of serge, cloth, satin sheeting or plain cream sheeting, and is designed and commenced by the lady who starts it. If she is a good worker she embroiders or appliques the Noah's ark, which is near the center of the quilt, but placed high up. The animals are all in couples, and form a long procession round the entire quilt, marching round toward the ark. Sometimes the procession is curved, so as to form a design over the entire surface; but this depends on individual taste and fancy. The lady asks her friends and neighbors to work the pairs of animals, usually giving them some choice in the matter. Some of these quilts are very amusing, and really worth keeping. At a recent starting of one a lady volunteered to work two fleas, which she eventually did, with wonderful care and dexterity. In cream sheeting the animals may be all in red Turkey twill, worked with red ingrained thread, or in various colors. This may be an idea for many busy fingers. The baby's crawling blankets or cot coverlids probably gave the idea of the Noah's Ark quilt, and also suggested the same style of perambulator cover. The animals are generally cut out in paper first, and then in whatever material they are to be worked in, and are copied from a child's colored picture book. In the Noah's Ark collection, scraps of fur and skin are used, to represent the specimen as true to nature as possible. It is also occasionally all worked by one pair of hands on a foundation of double width diagonal serge with the various animals portrayed in wools, sometimes in cross-stitch first worked on pieces of ordinary canvas, afterward drawn away, or in outline stitch in crewels, or in another stitch which is being a good deal now used for traveling rugs, bath blankets, etc., which is done by laying wool in strands on the outlined pattern, and tacking it down by small stitches of silk, or a contrasting color.—*N. Y. Herald.*

WATERING PLANTS.

How and When Pot Plants Should Be Given Water.

Some people attempt to keep pot-plants without giving them any water at all; the result is familiar to every one. Usually, however, the earth in the pot or box is kept soaked and very much in the condition of an ordinary swamp. It is even said that malaria has resulted from living in rooms containing house plants, owing to the damp soil. We have ourselves seen dead evergreens pulled out of boxes full of mud. A gardener's journal gives utterance to the following timely remark: Watering plants is one of the most important things in the culture of house plants, and very special care should be devoted to it. Plants ought not to be wet until they need it. It will be evident that they require wetting, if on taking the earth from the pot it crumbles to pieces like dust; a sure sign is to knock on the side of the pot, near the middle, with the finger knuckle. If it gives forth a hollow ring, the plant needs water; if there is a dull sound, there is still moisture enough to sustain the plant. Plants must not be wet more than once or twice a day; on dry, clear days they require more water than on damp, cloudy days. On the other hand, the earth must not be allowed to dry out entirely, for that is also very injurious. In wetting them the water must be poured on in such a way that it will run out again through the hole in the bottom of the pot. If the earth gets too dry, it is best to place the pot in water so that the water will saturate the the dirt very gradually. They may be watered at any hour of the day, except when the sun is shining on the pot or has just left it; for the earth gets hot when the sun shines on it, and then if cold water is poured on it, it will cool off too rapidly. The best time for watering flowers in summer is the evening, and in winter noon is best. Well water should *never* be used, but always use either rain water or brook water.—*Boston Transcript.*

—Two novel marriages were celebrated at Newburgh, N. Y., recently. One took place at midnight and the other occurred on an open lawn in the prosence of two hundred people.

THE VETO POWER.

Republican Congressmen Have Forced the Chief Executive to a Free Use of a Constitutional Weapon of Defense—Bayne's Abuse—Mr. Cleveland's Capacity to Treat Details.

The President's vetoes of pension bills have been constant, and in almost every case his statement of reasons has been conclusive. In some instances there may be good reasons for reconsideration. But the action of the President shows a devotion to duty and a resolution not to suffer injustice to be done to the people by careless appropriations of public money, which will receive the most general and hearty approval. Here are some illustrations of the vetoed bills:

"Simmons W. Harden got a bill passed granting him a pension for enlargement of the heart, which he asserts was the result of falling out of a wagon fourteen years before the disease developed. The bill granting a pension to Abigail Smith was vetoed because it gave her a less amount than she was already receiving. Another instance of careless legislation is shown in the veto of a bill for the relief of Andrew J. Hill, when the papers show that the claimant's name is Alfred. James Butler's bill was vetoed because he was never in the army; he enlisted on August 23, 1864, got leave to go home to bid his friends good-bye, fell into a cellar and broke his leg en route, and was discharged September 10. Harriet Welsh's bill was vetoed because she admits that she married the man for whose service she claims a pension when she had another husband living undivorced. John D. Ham was drafted into the army; he was enrolled, and the next day started for home; he fell off his horse, broke his ankle, and was not placed on the rolls of his regiment. James C. Chandler applied for a pension at the Pension Office because he was run over by a wagon in 1882. This was denied him. Then he entered another application on account of bronchitis. This was also denied. Then he made a third for rheumatism, and that was denied also. Finally he went to Congress, and got a bill passed on all three of his claims."

There are many others quite as extraordinary. To prevent such waste of the public money is a simple duty of the President, and the attacks which have been made upon him for discharging his duty are exceedingly discreditable to those who make them. The attacks proceed upon the general assumption that any man who was a soldier is entitled to have his claim for relief honored in full in the precise form in which he makes it, and without regard to the facts. Of course nothing could be more absurd.

Many of the bills are laws of Congress overriding the decision of the Pension Bureau. The President acts, therefore, as a judge of appeal, and decides upon the facts in evidence, recapitulating them in his message. The assertion that the constitution does not contemplate this kind of detailed revision of the acts of Congress by the Executive is idle and wholly unfounded. To the extent of the veto the President is made a most important part of the legislative power, and he acts under the precise obligation that binds any member of Congress. His duty requires him to consider details quite as much as the duty of the Representative requires him to do the same thing, and when it is obvious that details have been neglected by Congress, it is the especial duty of the Executive to correct the result of the neglect. Mr. Bayne, of Pennsylvania, in his extraordinary vituperation of the President as "this man" who was almost transcending his authority, and "no better than any other American citizen, and not the equal of any man who periled his life and went out to save the Union," wholly forgot that he was speaking of an officer of the Government who acted under obligations quite as important and binding as those of Mr. Bayne himself, and that even if the President had been a shirk and a coward—which he was not—that fact is not a reason that Mr. Bayne and his associates should be allowed to take money improperly from the public treasury. The reasons of the President's vetoes are submitted to the country, and the country will judge whether they are well founded. No honorable soldier will think him unfriendly to soldiers because he refuses to countenance dishonest claims even when preferred in the name of a soldier; and every good citizen, conscious that the President is an honest man, and that the country is not ungenerous to the soldiers, will support him in his defense of the just rights of all the people.

There is a general feeling that the veto power should be used sparingly. But it would be better to say that Congress ought not to furnish frequent occasions for its exercise. The number of President Cleveland's vetoes is great, but they all affect what is substantially the same act of legislation, an act of infinite details, namely, the granting of pensions. The veto power is one of the most important and valuable checks of our Government. It belongs to the system which wisely separates the republic from the simple democracy, or the constant, immediate rule of the majority. It is a power provided by the majority for its own restraint, and nothing proves more completely the wisdom of our popular government than the fact of the adoption by the majority of provisions which prevent hasty action. The President does not intend to slight his duty, and he has announced that he will consider all bills carefully before signing them. He gives fair notice that he will not be hurried, and Congress has learned that his words plainly express his purposes. His duty is largely a duty of detail. His ability is shown by his disposition and capacity to treat details. It is a quality of great administrative ability. It is sometimes contemned as the sign of a routine officer. But it is the quality which distinguished Gladstone as a financial Minister, and it was a striking trait in Napoleon. The two chief executive functions in our Government are the appointment of agents through whom to execute the laws, and the approval of laws to execute. They are both matters of detail, and to object to careful Executive attention to them is to object to the Executive office. The exercise of the veto power by President Cleveland has been neither reckless nor unjust. It has been due to a sincere desire to secure wise legislation, and it has been careful, intelligent and patriotic. The more it is considered by the country, the more warmly it will be commended.—*Harper's Weekly.*

——President Cleveland vetoed another pension bill the other day, that of a man named Ross, who had been dead since February last. In life Mr. Ross had struggled hard to get his claim for a pension allowed by a Republican commissioner, but failed. The only cause assigned for the veto of the bill was the death of the man the bill aimed to help. Perhaps the reason was insufficient from a Republican standpoint.—*Des Moines Leader.*

——The administration of the Government has been in Democratic hands, and the result is a general economical improvement which Republicans themselves are forced to recognize.—*St. Louis Republican.*

A GREAT CONTRAST.

The United States Senate as the Old Man of the Sea in Dragging Down Good Legislation.

The record of the Forty-ninth Congress is particularly interesting in showing very important points of difference between the Democratic House and the Republican Senate. Whatever may have been the sins of omission on the part of the former, and the neglect to carry out certain measures of reform in fulfilment of platform pledges and in accordance with the earnest desires of the people, the House evinced a spirit of economy, and lent in many notable instances its hearty co-operation with the reform work of the Administration. It responded heartily to the appeal of Secretary Lamar and Land Commissioner Sparks for legislation to correct the widespread abuses and swindling connected with the public lands. It displayed commendable zeal in furthering Secretary Whitney's plans for the construction of a navy worthy of the Nation, and spoiled many a seductive job brought before it, backed by a powerful and unscrupulous lobby.

On the other hand, the Republican Senate exhibited a wanton disregard for the interests of the public and endeavored to thwart the economical and conservative policy of the lower House. The Republican Senators made a stout fight for the steamship subsidy lobby, and nothing short of the unbending, determined opposition of the Democratic House defeated this shameless waste of the people's money. The Senate neutralized the efforts of the House to reform the land laws and save what remains of the public domain from the harpies who are after it. The Anderson bill, requiring the immediate adjustment of railroad land grants was so altered by the Senate that it became to all practical purposes null and void.

The repeal of the Pre-emption, Timber Culture and Desert Land laws was also so manipulated by the Republican Senate that the situation now is worse than before and more favorable to the land grabbers. Secretary Lamar called the attention of the country to the importance of repealing those laws. In regard to the Desert Land laws the Secretary said: "Good government seeks to secure to the citizen the undisturbed enjoyment of his natural rights. Among these is the enjoyment of his lawful acquisitions. Land, lawfully acquired, is among the most important of his possessions. Its security depends upon the certainty of its title, litigation and contention depreciate its value, disturb the peace, waste the means and mar the prosperity of a community or nation. Laws exist on the statute books which violate these principles and are objectionable. The Desert Land acts are subject to this criticism. Fraudulent titles to good lands, have been the result of these acts. I would, therefore, suggest their repeal."

The Democratic House acted in accordance with this suggestion, but the Republican Senate blocked the desired reform. Shameless extravagance, amounting to open robbery, has been shown by the Senate in the pension bills, in the vast increase to the River and Harbor bill and in other unnecessary additions to other appropriation measures. Not only is the Republican Senate eager and willing to squander the people's money, but it resents, with indecent spleen, any interference on the part of the President to protect the treasury. Mr. Charles Nordhoff, an experienced and observant Washington correspondent, who can not be accused of partiality towards the Democratic party, thus alludes to the conduct of the Democrats and Republicans in both Houses:

The cry of the Republicans in the canvass of 1884 was that if the Democrats were allowed to come in they would do too much—they would carry the country to the dogs. The complaint now is that they have not done enough. They have certainly omitted to do some things which needed doing, and which, no doubt, they would have done had they controlled both Houses. But the skilful and unscrupulous obstruction of important measures by the Republicans in the Senate shows that, no matter how active, determined and united the Democrats might have been in the House, their measures would have been defeated in the Senate. They have certainly not been a harmonious party in the House, but if they had been that would not have helped them, as many instances prove. What is to the credit of the Democrats is that they have done no harm and have allowed the Republicans to do no harm, and they have shown in the Administration and in Congress the disposition to deal honestly with the people's affairs.—*Albany Argus.*

Straining at Gnats.

Republican criticism of the Democritic Administration is essentially mean and contemptible. The organs of the opposition have been driven to small business. So successfully have the heads of the Executive Department met the responsibilities of office and so faithfully have they acquitted themselves, as a rule, that those who, out of their desire to restore the Republican ascendency, must needs find some fault in the present order of things, are forced to make mountains of scandal out of the most inconsequential mole-hills of error. These censors convict themselves of envy, malice, prejudice and venality. Having gone gunning for big game and finding none, they, in excess of their disappointment, expend their powder recklessly and viciously upon the landscape at large, or seek to knock over that which was despised in the ardor and high expectation of the start. The small fault of a small clerk gives occasion for columns of editorial mock-indignation, and individual exhibition of common human weakness on the part of the humblest employe of a great department raises an awful din among the conspiring magpies.—*Indiana State Sentinel.*

——The Republican notion of colored citizenship is blind and unreasoning allegiance to the Republican party. White men alone have the right to exercise the privilege of an American citizen in voting as they please. Should the negro dare to disobey his Republican masters he is considered as ineligible to any office, and when, as in the case of Mr. Matthews, the question of confirming his appointment comes before a Republican body, it is decided at once, without any disguise, on the beautiful principle of the right of Republicans over the political opinions of the colored race.—*Albany Argus.*

——Matthews was rejected on the theory that no negro has the right to be a Democrat. The colored friends who went to Washington in his behalf were informed that Republican Senators do not recognize Democratic negroes, do not concede their freedom of political opinion, and do not propose to reward what they consider apostasy by sanctioning their promotion under a Democratic Government.—*N. Y. Star.*

——The pension bills vetoed by the President would have taken $120,000 a year from the treasury.—*Alta Californian.*